

By C. M. Payne



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By Vic



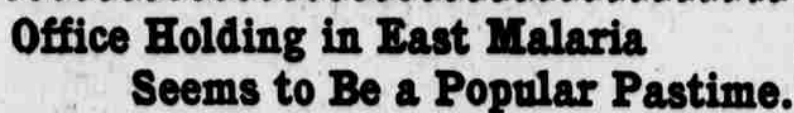
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By L. W. Ford



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By Mac



"Yes, for the Board of Health," explained Mr. Jenkins. "The ladies of the Civic Club complain if there is not a fly in a butcher shop, and the Health Commissioners send the Official Fly Catcher and his assistant to catch it and destroy it."

"But suppose the fly belongs to some poor family?" Mr. Jarr inquired.

"There's a big row then, especially if it is a pet fly for a large family of children," Mr. Jarr said. "The Civic Club keep up the mad-diy crusade just the same."

"The commissioners get no remuneration from Mr. Jarr," he said.

"No," the sanitary city jobs only go to commuters who have business interests in the big city. This relieves them of being pestered here by the Civic Club."

"Complaining about the trolley service. But every commissioner gets a badge?"

"And Mr. Jenkins bent his head over and nodded his badge proudly. It was glittering evidence that he was a commissioner. In his case it admitted him within the fire lines if a fire broke out in the city. He was in the same class, and he could afford to be a little more particular. The house was fitted up before the volunteers came. Women destroyed the furniture with the devouring flames could reach it.

"And here we are at East Main, Hook and Ladder No. 11," cried Mr. Jenkins, and he got into a long, low, rakish building at the corner.

"Looks to me like a bowling alley," said Mr. Jarr.

"Well, um—er, I believe it was a bowling alley," Mr. Jenkins admitted. "You see, when we Fire Commissioners went to Syracuse to select the apparatus and the best that money could buy—w found when the ninety-foot aerial truck was delivered that no engine house in the city would hold it. Fortunately the city was so big that the new fire engine house in Alley was big enough for a receiver, and it was rumored that it would take fire and be a total loss shortly, and all the fire ladders were kept an eye on it and dropping all over the place. So on the evening of a nice dry night, when I suggested instead of having a fire I urged us to use the Little Bowling Alley for a practice run. It cost us a new ninety-foot aerial truck."

The Day's Good Story

Thoroughly Prepared.

"I HEAR your daughter has gone on the stage."

"Yes, she has been engaged by Belasco."

"Goodness! I should think you would hate to have her subjected to all the temptations of such a life."

"Oh, no. She's had a full course in sex hygiene and she has seen all the plays in which the dangers of vice are portrayed. If she goes wrong after all that, what safety will there be for anybody?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Well, during the sermon Dr. Williams was nodding in of the sermon, and the pastor touched me on the elbow.

"You seem sleepy," she says. "No thank you, says sleep!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Rip Sleep To

JOE JEFFERSON once had a one-night engagement at Van Winkle's in a small town. In the hotel at which he stopped was an Irish pa-

One Good Thing to Get.

THE stock broker was busy and nervous. His caller was insistent and garrulous. He explained his ability to get for the other important thing, the information.

"There's nothing you can do for me," said the broker decisively, according to the *Chicago Magazine*.

"There's one thing," said the broker after a moment's thought, "which you can get me, and it will be of great value to me."

The visitor brightened up.

"That's fine! What can I get for you?"

"The fellow who seldom goes to church."

"You see, I got an annual catalogue of my old school and in looking through it I found that one of my classmates was the pastor of a Cleveland church."

"And what was he still preaching, and that if I wanted to meet him I should come to church on the following Sunday morning?"

"He introduced me to his wife, and she took me to church."

The Day's Good Stories

Thoroughly Prepared.

"**H**EAR your daughter has gone on the stage."
"Yes, she has been engaged by Belasco."
"Goodness! I should think you would hate to have her subjected to all the temptations of such a life."
"Oh, no. She's had a full course in sex hygiene and she has seen all the plays which the dangers of vice are portrayed. If she goes wrong after all that, what safety will there be for anybody?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rather Sleep.

61 "I THINK I must have made a bad break last Sunday," mused the fellow who seldom goes to church.

"You see, I got an alumni catalogue of my old school and in looking through it I found that one of my classmates was the pastor of a Cleveland church. So I called him up, and he said that he was still in search of a church. So I thought I would say that if I wanted to meet him I should come to church on the following Sunday morning. Which I did."

"He introduced me to his wife, and she took me into the parsonage with her."

No Rip Sleep There.

JOE JEFFERSON once played a one-night engagement as "Rip Van Winkle" in a small Indiana town. In the hotel at which he stopped he was told by a waiter from the serious interest he took in the horse, might have been the proprietor. At 6 o'clock the next morning Mr. Jefferson was awakened by a violent thumping on his door. He had left no "call" order, but his sleep was spoiled, so he arose and soon opened the door before indignantly demanding to know why he had been called.

"Taking the clerk by the coat and the landlord's hand," said the side waiter, "he whistled like a horse, rattling like a horse, ratt, and O'd heard the b'y say as how he were wunst another shipper for twenty years, and he said as how it was his duty to get him right out of yer house."

HEY, WAITER!

An aged and imbecile egg
Was served to a diner named Gregg.
Now, when Gregg cracked the shell
He was feeling quite well,
But as much can't be said for the egg.



"So Muggsy escaped from the pen-
ch? He was always tryin' somethin'
new."

"Yeah. He caught the messiah and
killed him."